

Were I Konstancja Gladkowska

by Angela Kubinec

Being new to playing piano

I would take my practice book from inside the bench, and perform
all my childish tunes, starting on Page 1

You would appear behind me, as an irascible Grand Duke

Rope my hair up in your hand, making a thick cord to tug, and
then

Mouth my neck

My playing would falter languidly, and transcend itself like a
wishful Nocturne

While your hand on my shoulder, with equal magic, makes cloth
disappear

We go to write a wicked number

Afterward, we destroy the score, and then

Send it aloft, like wrinkles from a sheet

